

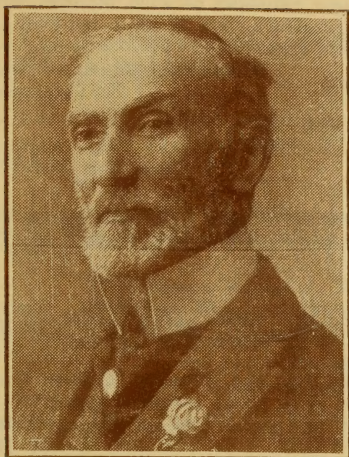
**Poems
AND
Patriotic
Verses**



BY

Lieut.-Col. A. E. Belcher

To
Hon'y Col & Aide to Lieut Governor
Dr Alexander Fraser LL.D
Archivist
Province of Ontario
with Compliments of the Writer
J. E. Belcher.
1916



Toronto, April 4th, 1916.

Lt.-Col. A. E. Belcher, the composer of these verses, is of U. E. Loyalist descent on his mother's side (she being of the old Grafton family), was born in Toronto in 1844.

He has had a long commercial, municipal and political experience.

Although having written a book in 1882, entitled "What I Know About Commercial Travelling," which is now out of print, but had a large sale at that time, he never wrote any verses for publication.

He received the inspiration for writing most of these verses during church services in St. Paul's (Anglican).

The first one composed, "Stand Up, the Trumpet Call Is Sounding," was at the time sung in some of the churches, which gave so much encouragement that further effort brought added results.

Having for years advocated the universal military training of boys, some eight organizations in which he had membership endorsed the principle, and encouraged the sending out of a little booklet to prominent persons. In doing so, he took the liberty of sending some verses with it.

With one exception, the training was strongly endorsed. The kind and encouraging expressions used by any who replied, although unsought, have been most highly appreciated and valued.

Herewith are published some extracts from various letters received, which have been an incentive to well-doing. While enjoying the pleasure of writing the verses, he trusts others will enjoy reading them, and some good be accomplished.

**EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS COMMENDING THE VERSES AND UNIVERSAL
MILITARY TRAINING OF BOYS.**

We have had much pleasure in reading your patriotic poems, "We Hear You Calling, Mother," and for the boys in "Khaki," also your booklet, "Universal Military Training for Boys in Canada," and we congratulate you, both for the fine spirit and loyal sentiment that pervades the verses, and also the appeal. You are rendering good service in arousing the people to do their duty in this crisis.

Sgd. LENA M. HENDRIE,
Wife of His Honour Lt.-Governor Hendrie.

I have to thank you for sending me the verses from your poetic pen. It was to me a surprise that you could produce effusions of such obvious merit, and I am really glad to compliment, as well as to congratulate, you. I am a believer in universal military training. Who could not be in times like these?

SIR JOHN M. GIBSON, K.C.,
Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

I thank you for your stirring hymn, "Stand Up, Stand Up, for Country," inspired from the hymn, "Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus."

JAMES TORONTO,
Bishop of Toronto.

I thank you for your poems which you have written on the war. All must admire and be edified by the patriotic sentiment which they so well express.

JOHN MONTREAL,
Bishop of Montreal.

Many thanks for sending me copies of the poems. They are deep and beautiful.

HONORARY LT.-COL. ARCHDEACON CODY, LL.D.,
Toronto.

Your little poems, "Stand Up, the Trumpet Call is Sounding," and "We Hear You Calling, Mother," I have read with great pleasure and profit. Permit me to congratulate you on these successful poems, and thank you for sending them to me.

W. J. WAUGH, M.D.,
Inspector of Schools for Ontario.

I have received copies of your poems. They have the right ring about them, as has all you write.

COL. GEORGE T. DENISON,
Police Magistrate, Toronto.

I have received copies of your poems. Let me commend you for the splendid spirit shown in them.

R. S. HUDSON,
Manager, Canada Permanent Mortgage Company.

Thanks for copies of your poems. Spirit, rhythm, subjects are fine. Keep "a-goin'."

HON. COL. JAMES L. HUGHES, LL.D.

I congratulate you on your fine verses.

DAVID CREIGHTON,
Deputy Receiver-General.

Thank you for copies of some of your poems. You are as skilful with your pen as you are with your tongue.

CAVALIER J. ENOCH THOMPSON,
Consul for the Netherlands.

I read your verses with much interest, and am handing them to our photographer to make photographs and slides. Our boys will then be able to learn the verses and sing them to suitable tunes.

C. FERRIER,
Superintendent, Victoria Industrial School.

Your poems are well worth committing to memory. I will certainly make use of them at our recruiting meetings.

LT.-COL. FAREWELL K.C.,
Whitby.

Your excellent verses received. Allow me to congratulate you on the good work you are doing for King, Country and Home.

J. LOCKIE WILSON,
Inspector of Agriculture, Ontario.

Your poems, so admirable, patriotic and virile.

LT.-COL. DR. ALEXANDER FRASER,
Aide to Lt.-Governor.

Your poems breathe the true spirit of the Christian patriot. They are harmonious and dignified. I hope the well from which they spring is a flowing one. We cannot have enough of such inspiring verse.

LT.-COL. J. W. BRUCE, K.C.,
Brandon.

Your poems breathe the spirit of the great times in which we are living, and are a credit to your pen.

HON. JAMES DUFF,
Minister of Agriculture, Ontario.

I do not know how I can thank you enough for remembering me with copies of your splendid verses.

JAMES McLAUGHLIN, EX-M.P.,
Owen Sound.

I desire to congratulate you on your poems. They are creditable indeed to your intelligence as well as your ultra-loyalty.

J. E. MURPHY,
Capitalist, Toronto.

Your beautiful, practical effusions are appropriate at the present time. There is much in them as food for thought, and the sentiment is grand.

HON. T. S. SPROUL,
Senator, Markdale.

Your verses are truly excellent. May you continue in the philanthropic and patriotic well-doing that your life has always been noted for.

T. J. BRIDGE.

Your poems have the right swing, and will give, I trust, as much profit to the public in reading them as the pleasure you received in writing them.

W. A. PORTEOUS,
Department Manager, T. Eaton Co., Winnipeg.

I believe that the singing by Boys' Clubs, Cadet Companies, etc., of your verses to popular airs will be a great aid in the Universal Training of Boys.

REV. M. C. MacLEAN,
Secretary, Baptist Social Service.

I gladly received your interesting letter and the enclosed copies of your stirring poems, which I have read, as also your booklet on "Universal Training of Boys in Canada." Your poems have the right British ring about them, and I am sure would be popular with the brave boys in khaki. I warmly congratulate you on your poetic productions and your booklet. I have always been an advocate of military training of our boys.

HON. ADAM BROWN,
Hamilton.

Wide distribution of the poems ought to be of great value in helping recruiting, while the pamphlet on "Universal Military Training" sets forth the ideal that I have always held to be the true one for a democratic country. Publish them as widely as you can.

DAVID HURON,
Bishop of Huron.

Many thanks for your splendid effusions, with their loyal sentiment. I have shown them to quite a few of our friends. Those who don't know you, after reading them, say they would like to meet you. So you will get yourself into trouble if you ever come down here.

COL. E. N. LEWIS, M.P.,
Ottawa.

Commissioner Richards expresses his approbation of your poems, and regards the sentiment you express as timely, patriotic and inspiring, and trusts that in these days of trial and stress through which our nation has been called to pass, these poems may inspire many hearts and encourage the spirits of all who read them, as we believe they will.

ALBERT EASING (Colonel).
Chief Secretary, Salvation Army.

I have read your poems with pleasure. The depth of sentiment and suitability of expression are just what might be expected from your pen. It goes without saying that anyone who has known you as long as I have (some forty years), that anything in the line of patriotic duty to which you give your attention is not only well done, but your enthusiasm is also infectious. I particularly commend your excellent booklet on "Universal Military Training of Boys."

LT.-COL. J. H. SCOTT,
County Judge of Lanark.

Glad to receive copies of your poems. I am taking the liberty of publishing them.

REV. W. F. BROWNLEE, (Dean).
St. Thomas.

Thanks for your forcible verses.

REV. CANON PLUMBTREE,
St. James.

Your splendid martial and patriotic songs and poems merit a more imposing setting than that given to them in ephemeral leaves.

REV. DEAN HARRIS, LL.D.

I am obliged to you for sending me copies of your verses on various war topics, which breathe a spirit of patriotism, and of service which was never more called for than at the present time.

W. H. HEARST,
Premier of Ontario.

A PATRIOTIC MOTHER.

(Dedicated to the Noble Women of
Canada.)

Who have and will send their Husbands,
Sons, Lovers and Brothers to the Front
to do their "bit."—By Lt.-Col. A. E.
Belcher, President Defence Field Cōy.

They tell me, me bye's in the trenches,
Whatever they mane by that,
I know he'll be in the foitin line
As shure as his name is Pat.

Me old man faught, before him,
For the dear old Quane that's dead,
An if hes' ineything loike his father
For the King he's blood he'll shed.

If he'll foight like his father did,
I'll bliss the day he was born;
For min loike him is needed now
To fight—from night till morn.

He was born and bred a soger,
An' I know he'll do his bit
To hilp them Frinch and Belgims
Their rights and homes to git.

Pat's not a sargint nor a ginerel
But hes' made of the kind of stuff,
If he gets a chance at the inimy,
They'l soon cry—Hold enough.

We wimmin folk, do bless the day,
And with pride we'll sind our byes
To fight for home and freedom,
To bring us lasting joys.

May God bless all the sogers
And all the mothers, too,
An' all the swatehearts they lift behind,
Of thim—there's not a few.

An' whin this war is over,
Pat will sure come home to me;
An' if he don't, I know hes' safe
In that blist eternity.

THE GOD OF BATTLES.

Oh, God of Battles, we look to Thee
For strength to fight on land and sea,
For light, and right, and liberty.
Be with our men, now far away;
Shield them by night and guide by day;
Give them success—Oh, God, we pray.

Thou knowest, Oh, Lord, our heart's desire
For peace, not war; for son and sire;
The aim for which we all aspire.
We watch the tidings swift as thought;
May wicked plans be set at naught,
And Thine own will be in us wrought.

God bless and aid and comfort give
To those who die and those who live,
And all the wrongs wilt Thou forgive.
Watch o'er our loved ones in the field;
May minds and hearts all to Thee yield.
In sacrifice our blood is sealed.

This world's wild battles hang on Thee;
In Thy strong hands we plainly see,
When time is ripe, great victory
Will come; to all our hearts distressed.
In Thee our consolation rests.
God give us peace. Thou knowest best.

Oh, haste the time when wars shall end,
With tearful hearts our heads we bend;
Thy mercy Lord, and favor send.
When peace on earth, to men good-will,
Our battle cry will then be still;
With love and peace our lives will thrill.

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER.

Toronto, 1916.

DEDICATED TO THE VETERANS OF 1866.

And Presented by Lt.-Col. A. E. Belcher,
Vice-President Toronto Association.

When duty called—some years ago,
We left our home and fireside,
And to the front did gladly go;
Some for their country died.
We kept the old Flag flying free,
The righteous Lord of Heaven
Gave us success—the enemy
Were 'cross the waters driven.

Chorus:

The Veterans of '66—
We'll hold their memory ever.
God save the King and Heaven bless
Each Veteran forever.

The years have crowned them nobly now,
Our hearts still true and beating,
And patriotism stamps each brow
That this glad day is greeting.
We battled bravely in this world,
And may we each endeavour
To keep the flag for Christ unfurled,
And gain our rest forever.

Chorus:

The Veterans of 66—
Each Veteran forever.
God save the King and Heaven bless
We'll hold their memory ever.

"WE HEAR YOU CALLING, MOTHER."

We hear you calling, Motherland,
For men—to man your guns.
We'll answer by our presence
And prove we're worthy sons.
The best we have are none too good
to aid you and the right,
For which we'll sacrifice our all
And help you win this fight.

Our debt to you, dear Motherland,
We'll find it hard to pay;
The sum is great and long delayed,
But now will come OUR day
To show you that the Lion's Cubs
Are strong in might and main.
We'll fight for our dear Motherland
While one of us remain.

For we love you, dear old Motherland,
For all the good that's come
To us and all your faithful friends,
Our gratitude you've won.
The world will praise and bless you
In ages yet to come,
For honour, truth and liberty,
The battles you have won.

May God bless our noble women,
From the humblest to the great;
They swell the ranks of workers
From early morn till late.
We've always found them true as steel
To aid and comfort give;
They know the cause is worthy,
And they are faithful while they live.

God bless and keep you, Motherland,
For standing by the right;
We're glad to answer to your call,
And we'll fight with all our might.
God bless our men, and victory give,
And then the air shall ring
With songs of praise from thankful hearts
To God our Heavenly King.

For He's the God of Battles,
His promises are sure,
To those who call upon His name,
With faith in Christ endure;
And then with Crown of Glory
We'll worship Him as King,
And with the angels ever,
His praises we will sing.

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER,
Vice-Pres. Veterans of 1866, Toronto.

THE BRITISH LION SETS HIS JAWS.

We are coming, dear Old England,
A hundred thousand strong,
To help you conquer and subdue
Men who have gone wrong.
Their crimes are so repulsive
They appal the human mind,
Their punishment must be swift and sure
To satisfy mankind.

Worse than savages are they;
Void of all that's fair and right,
Honour, truth and virtue dear,
They're cast aside—like beasts they fight,
They must be met and beaten well,
As Britons we'll do this.
So firm and strong, men, grip your swords,
And prove what valor is.

The men we send are true as steel,
"They're British to the core,"
They'll prove not faint-hearted ones,
By deeds—as done of yore.
A noble work is theirs to do,
They're equal to the task,
And time will prove that our renown
Is widespread—and will last.

Time will test our valor true;
Inch by inch we'll make our gain;
Britons never stoop to sue,
Old traditions we'll maintain.
Men like ours cannot be beat,
At them, guards! the battle cry,
Show the world we don't retreat;
There's but for us to DO or DIE.

The cause that Britain fights for,
All true men love to aid;
For when the British lion growls,
The best—needs be afraid.
We want to share the glory won,
And to this, we do intend,
For when the Lion sets his jaws
It's BUSINESS—to the end.

No lands are lost, they've made no gains;
We're still the "Mistress of the Sea,"
The old flag is, and ever was,
The Flag of the brave and free.
We'll stand by you and the dear old flag,
Which has done so much for the world,
We'll give our wealth—aye, yes, our lives,
To keep it still unfurled.

LIEUT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER,
Honorary President, Bruce Old Boys.
Toronto, 1915.

WHEN THE FIELDS ARE GREEN AND THE FLOWERS GROW.

Lay me aside from the cares of life
When the fields are green and the flowers
grow;
My sleep will be sweeter when the birds
sing,
For I think they will know that I loved
them so.

For while I lived on this beautiful earth.
They were a source of delight and com-
fort to me;
For I often talked and whistled to them
As they sat on high in a favorite tree.

These birds skipped about, both great and
small;
The flowers nodded so sweetly to all,
That whoever happened to pass that way
Was certain to come on another day.

I used to long for the spring to come,
And have them return to their favorite
haunts,
Where the flowers bloomed and the food
was good,
Which they enjoyed after their long
jaunts.

Then the days passed quickly, and the
hour came
When their leaders warned them, one
and all,
To prepare for flight to the sunny South—
A reminder to us of the coming fall.

The ripening grain and the fruit on trees
All bore marks of Old Time in his flight.
The dark-grey clouds and the lengthening
nights,
More serious thoughts—Hope seemed
less bright.

When the roses fold their silken leaves,
The trees are stripped of their verdure
green;
Lifes' long night seems nearly closed.
Onward—to Eternal Day is seen.

We all await the certain flight,
When time with us shall be no more,
And happy us if the life spent here
Will land us safe on the Heavenly
Shore.

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER,
A U. E. Loyalist.

FOR THE BOYS IN KHAKI.

By Lt.-Col. A. E. Belcher, Hon. President
of His Majesty's Imperial Army and
Navy Veterans.

Tune: "Onward Christian Soldiers."

Onward, Valiant Soldiers,
Fighting for the right,
Hoist the flag of Britain,
Keep it well in sight.
It is clothed with glory,
And will still prevail,
Representing truth and love,
Its enemies assail.

Shout the cause of freedom
And good-will to men,
God will aid and bless you,
And bring you peace again.

Soldiers fought before you
And gained great renown,
In their fight for liberty
To preserve the Crown.
He who wears it's wortay,
May his rights maintain,
Till his subjects everywhere
Are blest with lasting gain.
Forward be your watchword,
A victory to gain,
You will reap the great reward
Through peril, toil and pain.

Empires now must perish,
But results will be,
For the Allies and ourselves
DECISIVE VICTORY.
Then with all rejoicing,
With thankful hearts we'll sing,
Praises through the ages
To our Heavenly King.
We are not downhearted
Marching on to war
For we trust Our Leaders,
Who have gone before.

We do not dream of shrinking
Till the task is done,
We see the signs of triumph,
The battle's almost won.
Courage! Fellow-soldiers,
The strife will not last long,
Jehovah, He will conquer,
And then the Victor's song.
Glory to the Father,
Loudest anthems raise,
Cheer and swell your voices
In everlasting praise.—Amen.

BOYS, DO YOUR "BIT."

Come boys, get into the trenches
And show you've got the grit,
And prove you're British to the core
And keen to do your bit.

There ain't no use in hanging back,
You'll lose your chance—and name,
By showing the "white feather,"
With excuses poor and lame.

Your own folk won't feel proud of you,
And your pals—what will they say—
If you keep hanging around the town,
Afraid to launch away?

Go, help to man the trenches,
And help to play the game,
To win—for right and freedom
And Britain's honoured name.

We'll win, of course, but you can aid;
Then claim your just reward.
Go forth, my boys, all undismayed,
That peace may be restored.

When you come back, we'll grip your hand,
And slap you on the back,
And say, "Old man, you did your bit"
For the good old Union Jack.

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER,
Vice-President, Veterans 1866.

"STAND UP, THE TRUMPET CALL IS SOUNDING."

Dedicated to the Men of Canada by Lt.-
Col. A. E. Belcher, Vice-President,
Veterans, 1866.

Tune: "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus."

Stand up, stand up for country,
Ye valiant men and true;
In fight for home and freedom
Theres' work for you to do.
Lift high the Empires' colours,
The enemy assaults;
Your cause is true and righteous,
And justice still prevails.

Go forth with dauntless courage
Against the cruel foes;
It's only men with faith and truth
Such devils dare oppose.
The task is great, but glorious;
Obey your country's call;
For sisters, lovers, mothers,
Ask you to risk your all.

Then spring to call of duty;
God help us and sustain
The power of good old Motherland,
And freedom shall remain
To bless the world and all therein;
Then joy and peace and love
Will lasting be eternally,
And blessings from above.—Amen.

NO SURRENDER.

Tune: Hurrah! Hurrah! for England.

To arms, to arms, my Comrades!
We'll battle for the right.
We will not yield to Prussia none
Our manhood, nor our might.
We'll fight for freedom and our homes
As our sires did before.
To glory—onward—Comrades,
And peace for evermore.

Chorus:

Then to arms, to arms, my Comrades!
Let all our foes remember
That Freedom is our Battle Cry,
Our Watchword, "No Surrender."

Surrender not, ye Britons!
We'll conquer in the end.
Cheer, soldier heart, and do your part,
For God will right defend.
Then forward march to victory,
And singing as we go.
God bless the Right and give us Might
To conquer Briton's foe.

Chorus:

Then to arms, to arms, my Comrades!
Let all our foes remember
That Freedom is our Battle Cry,
Our Watchword, "No Surrender."

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER.

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